A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom

By Childe Harold

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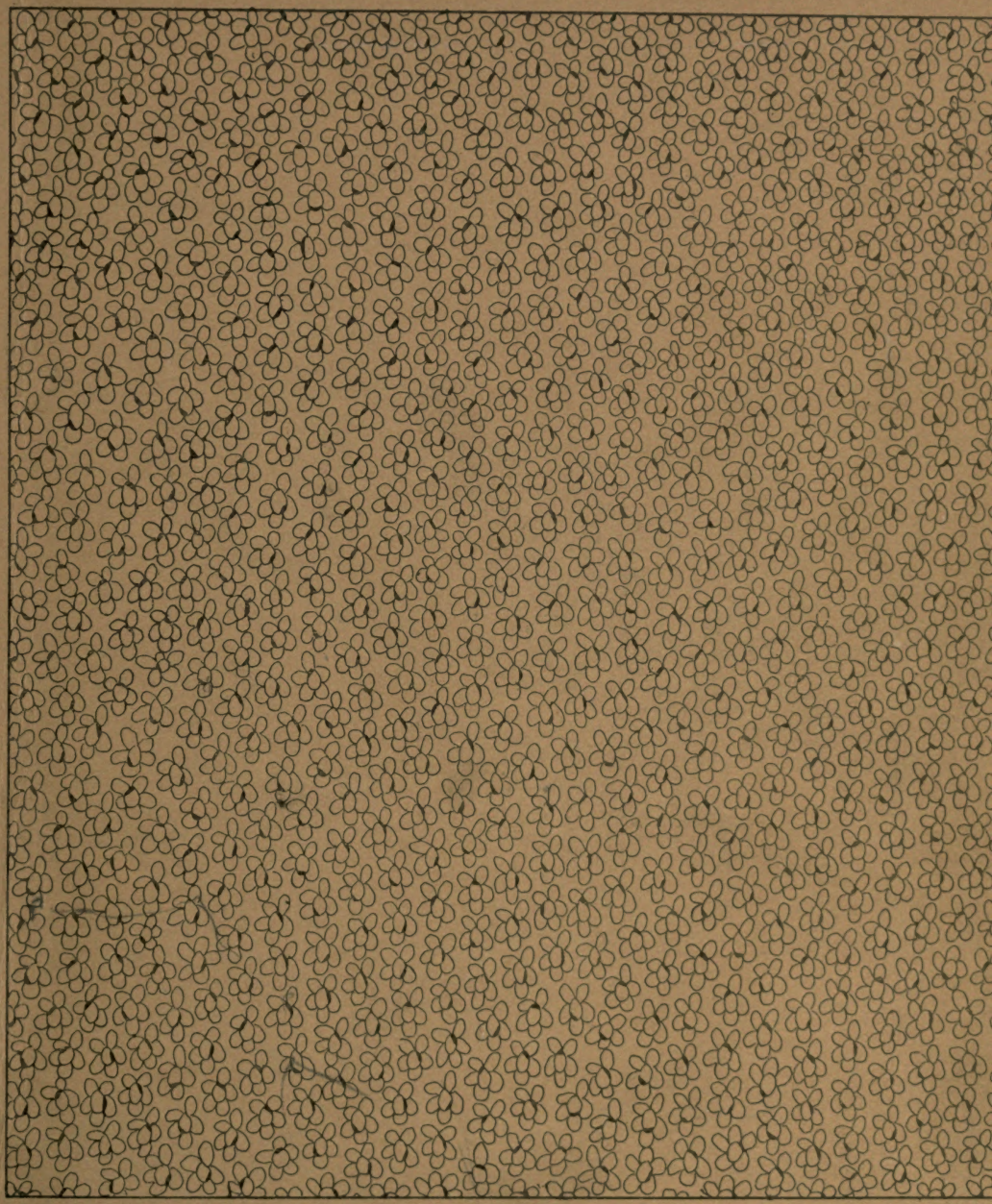

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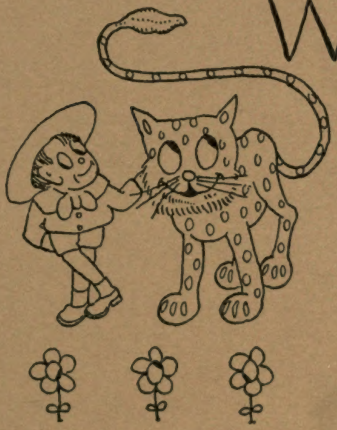

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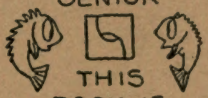

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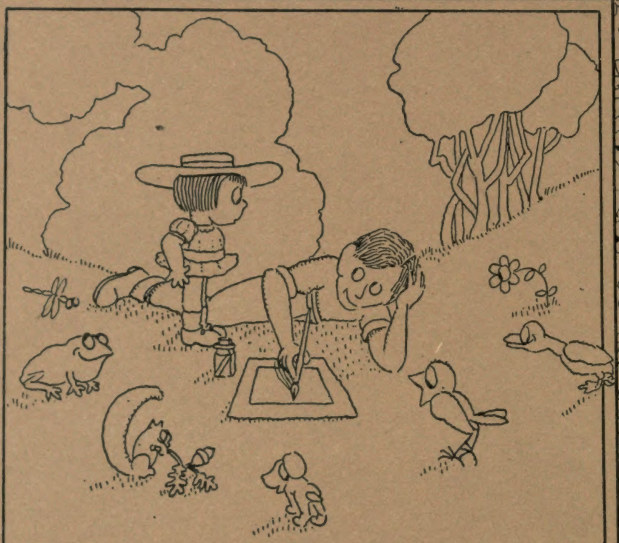
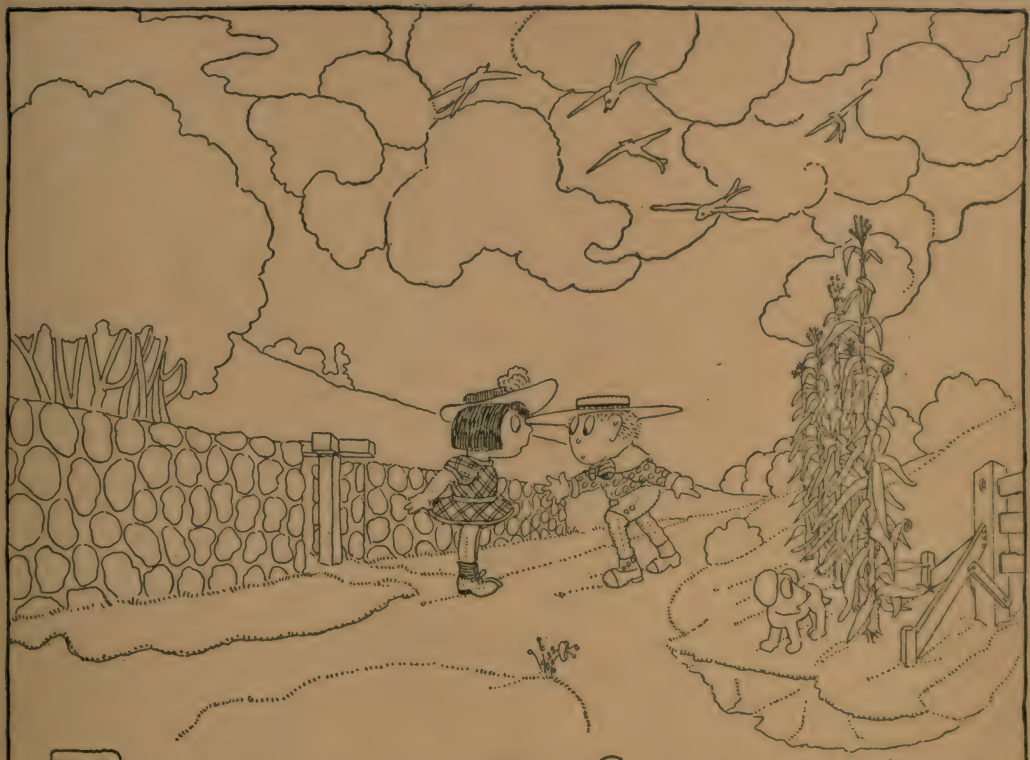


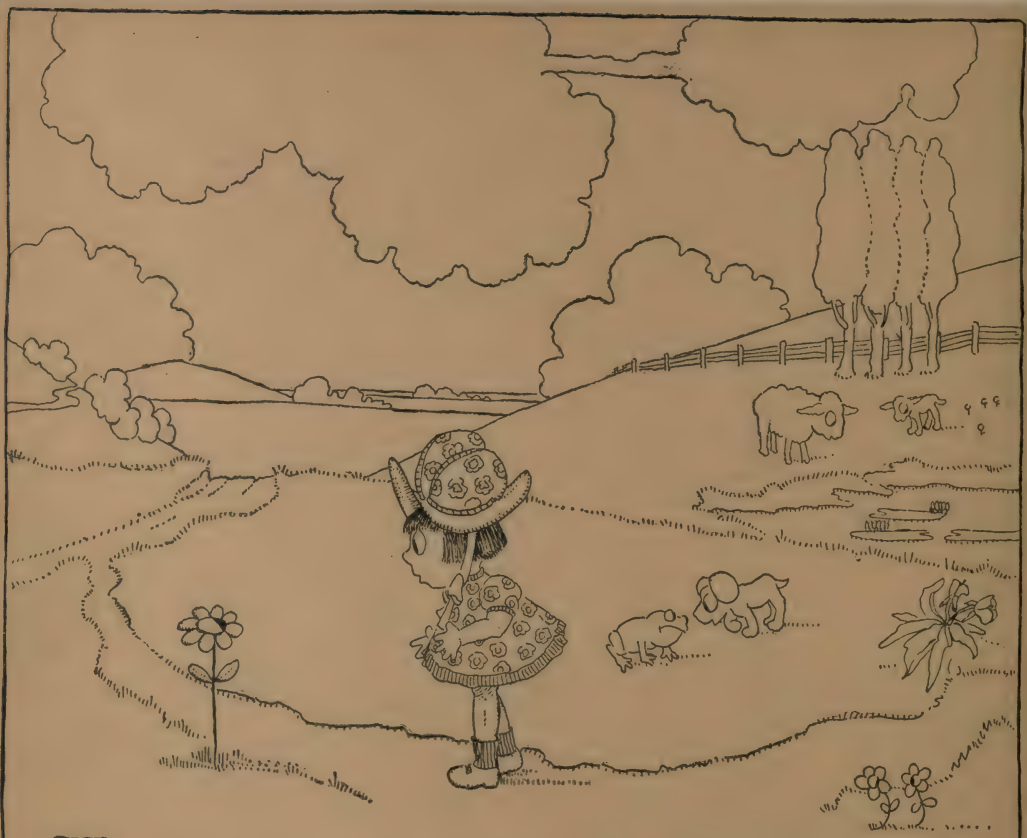
I hope, my child, you'll prof-it by
This book I've made for you.
I al-so hope that you will fly
At once and buy the whole sup-ply
So I can prof-it, too.

Oh, nev-er tell your se-crets to
The fish, what-ev-er else you do;
For fish-es car-ry tails, you know,
And they might tell on you!

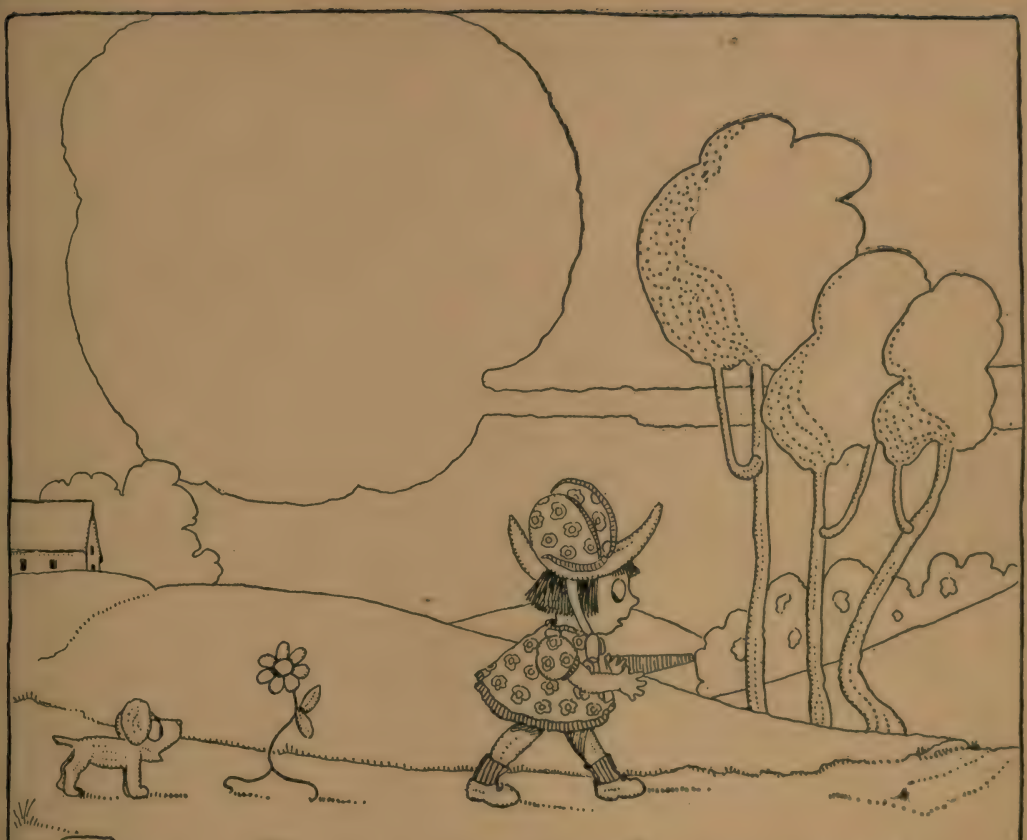
Don't teach your calf to laugh, my child;
You could-n't if you tried.
Be-sides, such ac-tion on your part
Would be un-dig-ni-fied.



When near a row of corn, my dears,
Take care what sub-jects you pur-sue.
How-ev-er harm-less it ap-pears,
Re-mem-ber that the corn has ears
And may be lis-ten-ing to you.

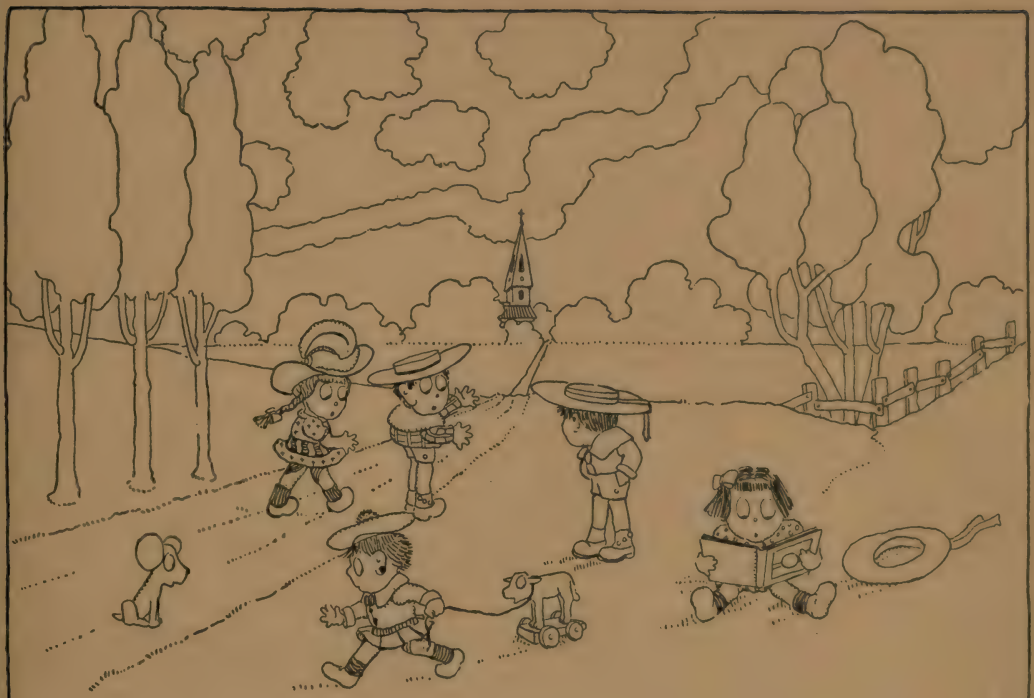


Speak kind-ly to the wild flow-ers,
And call them as they're named;
For ev-ry thing that's wild, my child,
Is anx-ious to be tamed.

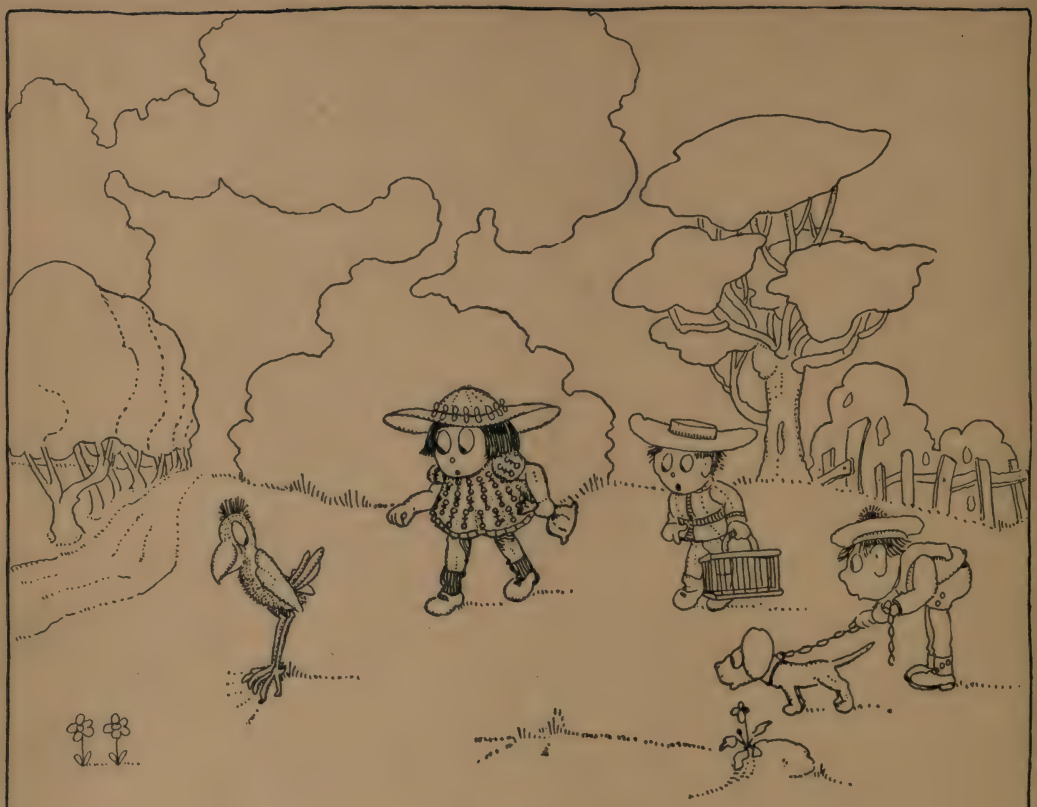


And if you do as I sug-gest,
I have-'nt an-y doubt
But that they will be-come so tame
They'll fol-low you a-bout.

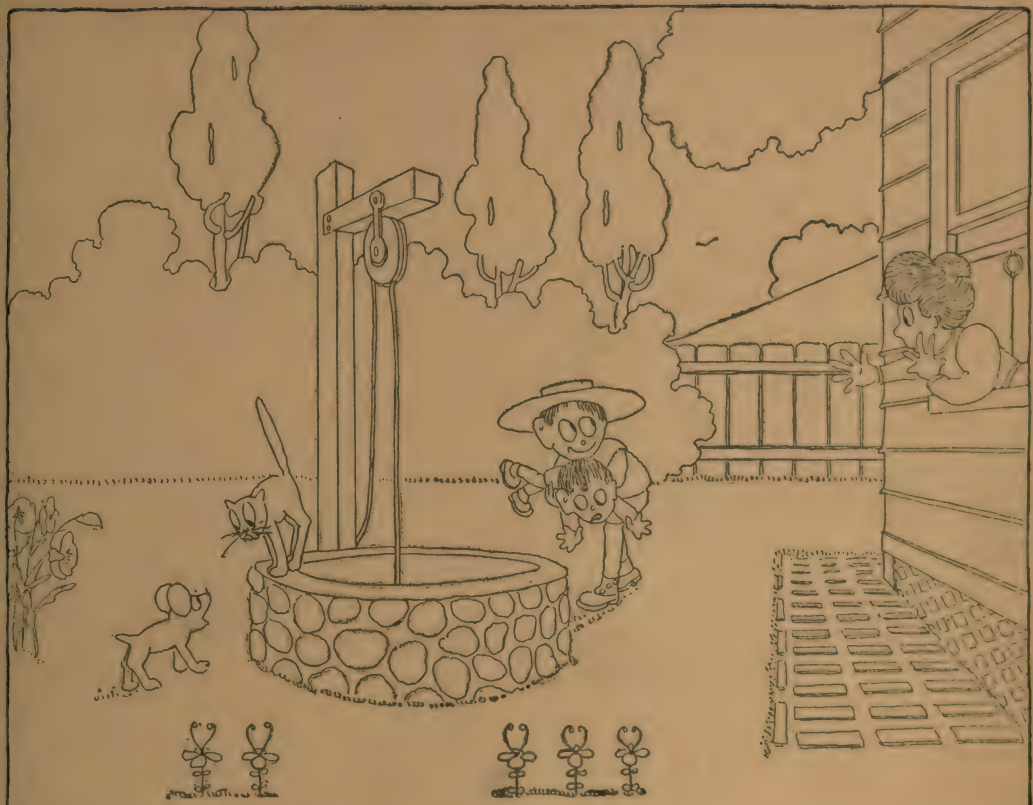
Don't treat the hens with cold dis-dain—
They're hum-ble, it is true;
But they are most vin-dic-tive and
Some day they'll lay for you.



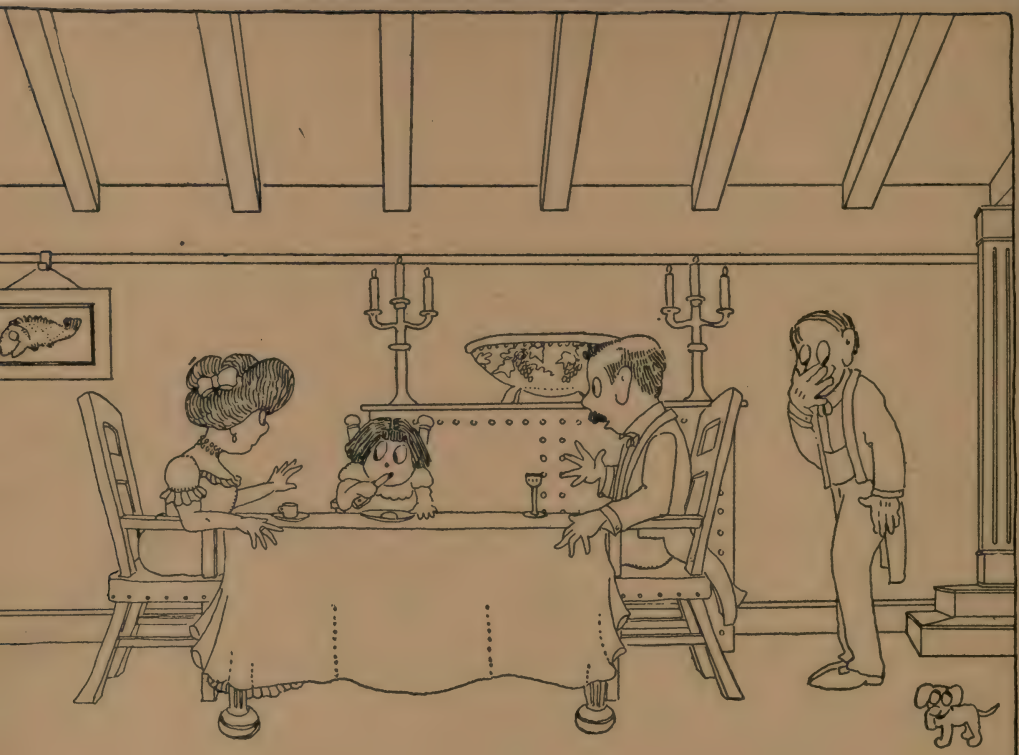
I dear-ly love to go to church,
But ver-y sel-dom go;
De-ny-ing Self for Char-ac-ter-
It strength-ens it, you Know.
For you, my child, this simp-le rule
Might be ap-plied to Sun-day School.



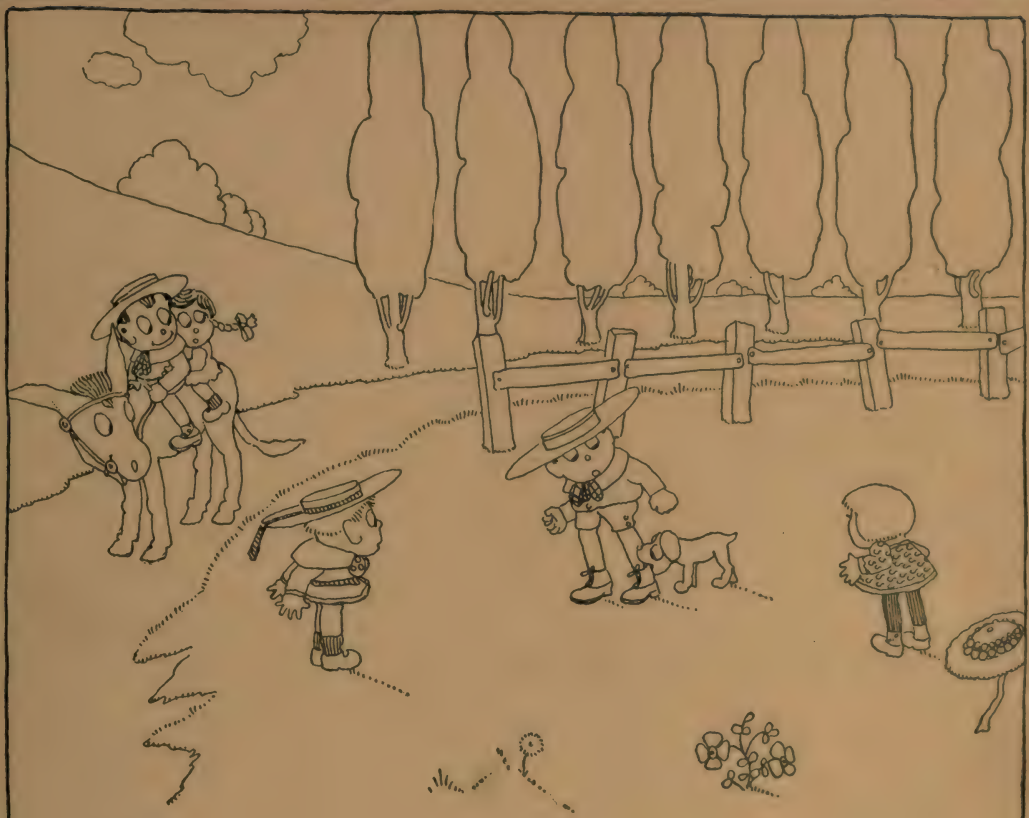
Speak gent-ly to the lit-tle birds.
Do not im-pede their flight
By put-ting salt up-on their tails,
For that is not po-lite.



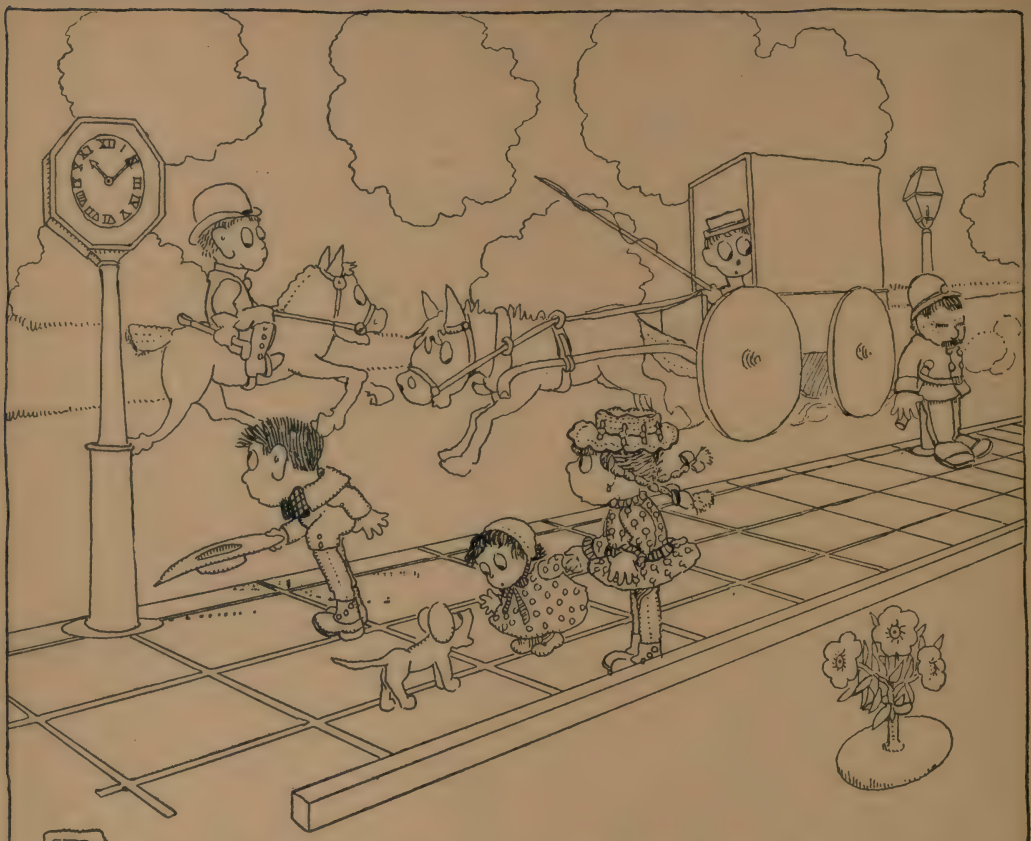
Don't throw your Kit-ten down the well,
Nor yet your lit-tle broth-er.
It is not good for him; be-sides,
I'm sure 'twould vex your moth-er.



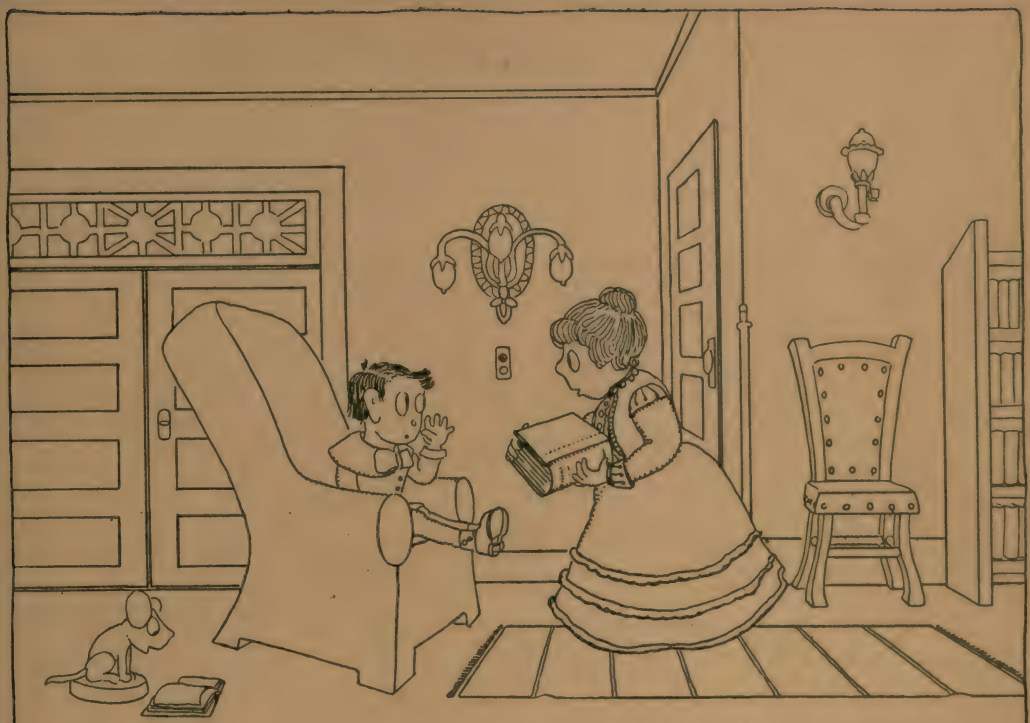
At din-ner use your fork and spoon-
It may pro-long your life.
My grand-fath-er once cut him-self
While eat-ing with his knife.



And if your dog should act like this-
What-ev-er else you do-
Don't pun-ish him. It on-ly shows
That he's at-tached to you.



Re-mem-ber, if you chance to see
A clock be-side the way,
That gen-tle-men should bow be-fore
They pass the time of day.



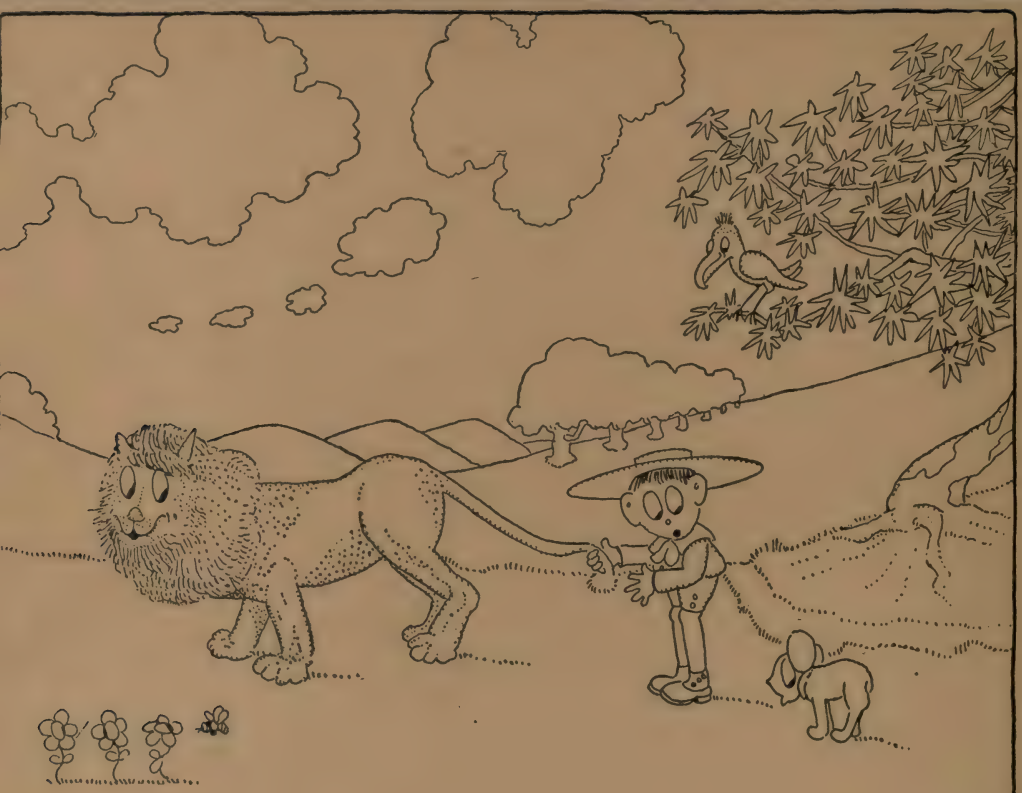
Un-til I prom-ised to for-get
All vul-gar words I hap-pened to
Re-mem-ber, moth-er would not let
Me read the dic-tion-ar-y through.
I hope your dear mam-ma will see
That you are reared as care-ful-ly.

My child, be-ware! Don't comb your hare.
'Twill make it cross, you'll find.

Learn not to stare. It's rude, and there
Are times when it's un-kind.

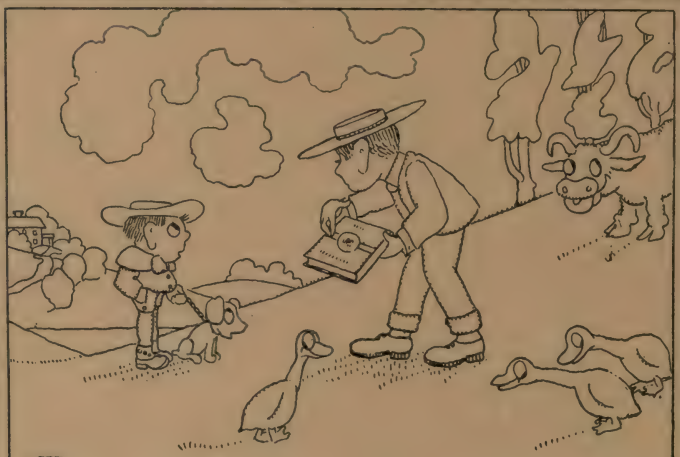
Don't talk at tea un-less, like me,
You've some-thing wise to ut-ter.

Don't feed your goat on but-ter-cups
Un-less he is a but-ter.



Oh, nev-er pull a Li-on's tail
To see how he will act.
'Tis both un-Kind and un-re-fined
To show such want of tact.

Your par-ents were not meant, my child,
For you to tease and both-er.
Don't step on your dear fath-er's head
Un-less he's your step-fath-er.



And now that you have read my book
I hope you will en-gage
To be more gen-tle than of yore,
More cir-cum-spect than e'er be-fore=
In short, my child, a lit-tle more
What I was at your age.

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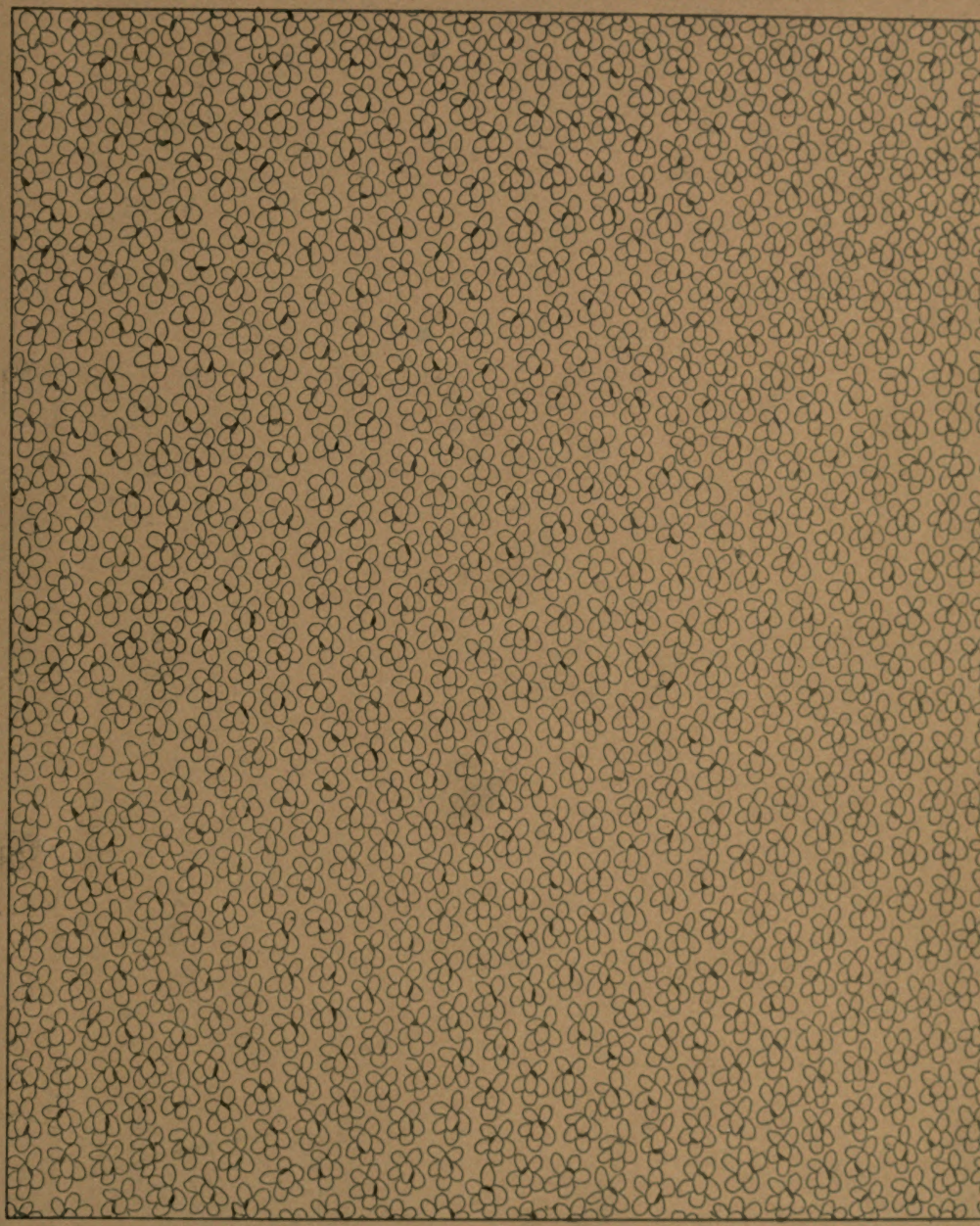
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